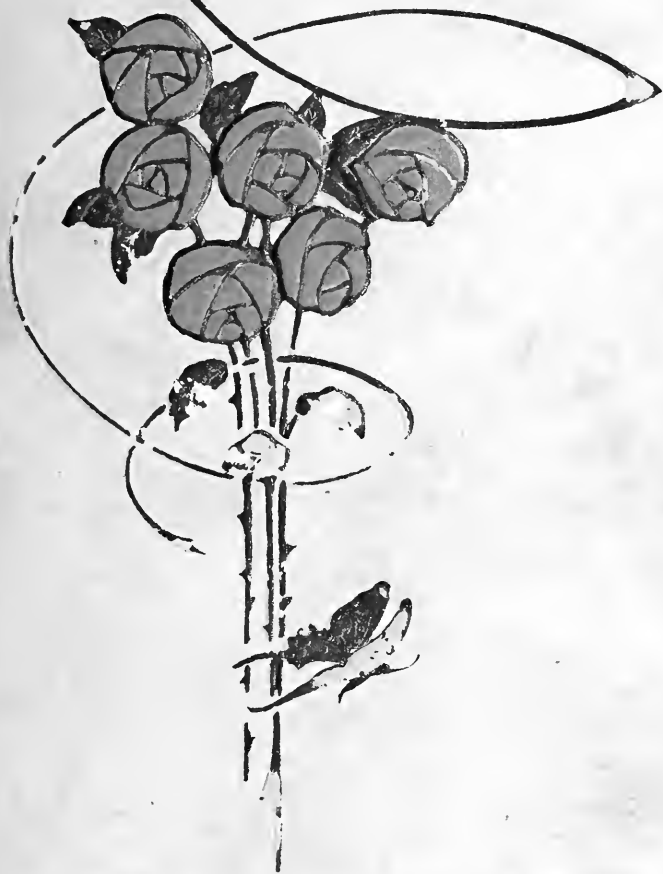


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A Sheaf of Roses



Elizabeth Gordon



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A Sheaf of Roses



A
Sheaf of Roses
by
Elizabeth Gordon

Illustrations by Frederick W. Martin



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No. 1



*This book is dedicated
to all kindred spirits
who love the beautiful in Nature;
and is especially inscribed to my
loyal friends of the Pacific
coast.*

Elizabeth Gordon

A Sheaf of Roses

*The rose was born of
lovers' sighs,
Of lovers' tears and
sobs,
And deep within its glowing
heart
The heart of true love
throbs;
Each rose that blooms an
emblem is
Of love divine and true,
And I have made a sheaf of
them
To send, with love, to you.*

A Bunch of Roses

*B*etter than gifts of
gleaming gold,
Or houses made by
hands;

More precious than the glowing gems

Men seek in distant lands;

Breathing of love and purity,

Of constant hearts and true;

A bunch of roses, God's own gift,

All wet with heaven's dew.





White Cherokee

An angel on her way
to heaven,
One perfumed, starlit
night,
Remembered one she'd left
behind,
And pausing in her
flight,
Looked back to earth, and
shed a tear
For love left all forlorn.
Behold! Where fell that
pearly drop
A pure white rose was
born.



Cecil Bruner

*Two men there were
in olden days
Who loved each
other well.*

*To each man was the same
fair maid*

*Dearer than words
could tell.*

*One kissed her hand and rode
away,*

*His heart with sorrow
fraught;*

*Around that cottage threshold grew
The rose called "Friendly
Thought."*



Frau Karl Druski

A mother heard the
war god call
Her well-loved
first-born's name.

*With lips that smiled, but heart
that bled,*

*She heard his dream of
fame.*

*She pinned the colors on his
breast*

*And watched him march
away;*

*The rose they call "The Mother's
Prayer"*

Blossomed that fateful day.



White Banksia

One journeyed to a
foreign land
To teach the love
of God.
The thorns of ignorance and
strife
Beset the path he trod.
His prayer for faith and strength
went up
To Him who hears all
woes;
An answering sign to him was
sent —
The sweet White Banksia
Rose.



Rose of Old Castile

A proud Castilian
 beauty left
Her home in sunny
 Spain,
And went with him who held
 her heart
 A fairer home to gain.
To strange new lands the good
 ship sailed,
And where she touched
 her keel
There grew, in token of young
 love,
The Rose of Old Castile.



Safrano

A Spanish maid of
high degree
Lived in her
patio.

*Suitors she had, but none could
touch*

*The maid's pure heart of
snow.*

*There came a gallant from the
wars*

*Who'd vanquished all his
foes;*

*He won her heart, and from
her blush*

Grew the Safrano Rose.



Pink Cherokee

A tender, yearning
mother-soul
Whose life had
never known
The blessing of a baby's heart
Beating against her
own,
Found, rosy, smiling, at her
door
A babe of mystery;
There bloomed the rose of
mother love,
The rare Pink Cherokee.



Jacqueminot

A boy and girl, from
infancy
Playmates, good
comrades too,
Walked hand in hand one
summer day
A rare old garden through;
A meadow lark full-throated
sang
His love song to the morn;
The crimson Jacqueminot grew
there,
For there new love was
born.



Gold of Ophir

A dark-eyed Indian
princess
Was wooed, so
legends say,
By a brave and gallant soldier
Who loved and rode
away;
Under the shadow of the
hills
Capped by eternal snows,
She sleeps, enwrapped and
sheltered by
The Gold of Ophir Rose.



Ragged Robin

*A dusky baby came
to share
A gypsy's
caravan,
The dark-eyed mother loved the
child
As only mothers can.
She laid him 'mongst the
grasses, where
The south wind softly blows;
Love's angel sent to mark the
spot
The Ragged Robin Rose.*



Killarney

A *bonnie Irish lassie*
Followed her
sweetheart true
To distant shores,
where homesick tears
Bedimmed her eyes of blue;
The Little People heard her
plaint,
And pitying her woes,
They planted as a sweet surprise
The pink Killarney Rose.



Marie Van Houte

*U*pon a cactus-covered
hill
Facing the ocean
blue,
A shining cross was raised aloft
By one whose heart was
true;
The seeds of faith he scattered
where
The western sunset glows,
Took root and grew, and
blossomed in
The Crucifixion Rose.



American Beauty

*Where great ambitions
swirl around
A teeming,
toiling mart,
A gray-haired gardener worked
and hoped,
Love's fair dream in his
heart;
The vision bright he cherished,
till
With velvet leaves uncurled,
A perfect rose rewarded him —
Love's gift to all the world.*



The Rainbow Rose

*The rainbow, on a
summer day,
Glowing against the
sky,
Was filled with pity as it heard
A hapless lover's sigh;
A shower of sympathy it sent
To compass him around.
Where fell those drops of kindly
balm
The Rainbow Rose was
found.*



Sweet Brier Rose

*Some love the spot where
lilies fling
Their subtly sweet
perfume;
Some love the languorous lotus,
with
Its oriental bloom;
But drifting downward through
the years,
My loyal memory goes
To where my childhood's
treasure lives—
The wild Sweet Brier Rose.*





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